



Fallen Angel



amber

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Chapter 1 by Story Wars

I wake up to find myself lying in the middle of the woods. The last thing I remember is falling. I feel a burst of pain in my wing; I look up, and there is a hole in it. I feel a sob building up inside me, and I lay weeping on the ground.

I stay there, until finally, drained of tears, I sit up, feeling a presence. I see a boy, leaning against a tree, watching me. As I sit up, I notice I am cold. I look down and, to my embarrassment, the only thing covering me are my folded wings. I blush. The boy quickly reacts, taking off his coat and throwing it over to me. My cheeks redden even more.

He walks closer, and I look up.

"I'm Sam," he says, "Pleased to meet you, my fallen angel." After this introduction, he helps me up, looking away as I drape the too big coat over me.

He leads me to the edge of the woods, and says quietly,

"You can come and stay with me, and we can get you patched up."

So that is how I came to stay in the mortal world.

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Chapter 2 by

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For three weeks, I lived in mortal bliss. Amidst the human realm, learning their strange ways.

As the days progressed, my wings began to heal. But I longed for them to stay broken. The sensation that went through my body every time Sam rubbed them down with ointment, thrilled me to the very core. I wished it wouldn't end.

But like all good things, it came to a sudden halt.

Sam woke me up one morning and stood me up, holding me by the shoulders and pushing my back straight. He gently ran his fingers along my wings and fanned them out. Then he polished them and brushed my hair.

"There dear angel, you are ready!" Little did I know that this man I had come to love would be the beginning of my death.

Chapter 3 by -



Sam walked over to my side of the car and opened the door. He was grinning widely as he took me by the hand and escorted me across a lawn.

There was a lot of noise and laughter and engines roaring. There were huge circus-like tents and large vendors making kettle corn and cotton candy. The aroma of sweet treats and barbecue permeated throughout the field.

"Angel, Fallen Angel." Same addressed a man in a straw hat leaning against a tractor with a clipboard in his hand.

"Huh? Wut kinda name iz dat?" The man looked me over skeptically.

Sam ran his strong hand along my wings. "A name like any other..." He then took me up on a wooden stage and put me at the back of a long line.

"NEXT!" A big gruff man yelled into a microphone. "GOING ONCE, GOING TWICE!" He looked languidly around at the crowd. "SOLD!" Then scribbled some numbers down on a notepad.

This went on for an hour, and it was a deafeningly throaty voice that I remembered where I was.

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"FALLEN ANGEL!" The crowd gasped in awe and silence swept over the place. Men and women took slow, hesitant steps toward the stage and started at me with their mouths gaping.

My cheeks flushed red with embarrassment. I scanned the sea of faces before me, searching for the one familiar person I loved. Then at last, in the distance I saw him. I saw a man slap money into Sam's hand, and then I saw Sam smile broadly and jump into his car.

I stood there, deaf to the gruff man's voice and the excited bidding going on around me. All I could think of was the man leaving me here, alone on this stage...

Chapter 4 by Skeld



The man who bought me pushed me roughly into the back of his Limo and shut the door. I sat in the corner of the longest time since...well, since *before*

The man got in and sat opposite me. He was incredibly handsome, with dark blue eyes, extremely blonde hair and a scar that was not disfiguring. He smiled and said "Welcome...I've been looking for you, Do you remember anything about your...fall?"

I shook my head weakly. He seemed relieved by that answer. "Do you have a name?" He asked kindly. Still the same answer. He frowned and said "I'll give you a name! You'll be called...Illumna. Yes! that's a good name!"

I smiled foolishly and nodded. He smiled. We made some small talk all the way, and stupid me didn't have the sense enough to ask his name!

We finally arrived at his place and my! did he have a place. It was a mansion!

He offered me his hand and I took it. Soon, we were entering his abode. But to my surprise, I saw many girls like me. I looked at him, startled, but he grinned mischievously.

"I welcome you again to my humble abode, Illumna. Here, you can live as freely as you want!"

It finally occurred to me to ask his name. He beamed and said "Well you might consider it an odd name, but in my time, it was all the rage. My name is Lumina!"

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Chapter 5 by Annie Esquivel

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I stumbled backwards, nearly knocking over what seemed like a very expensive golden vase.

I knew that name. That atrocious name. That name we were to never speak, or we could have been banned to hell.

His grin grew wider in a sick way, as he noticed I understood everything.

"Take her up. Prepare her, for tonight" he said to a man standing in a black and white tuxedo; he also had dark sunglasses, the kind you can't see through, and an earpiece. He was a guard.

Obviously.

He nodded and grabbed my arm, not trying to be gentle.

"You're hurting me" I muttered, even though I knew it would change nothing of my current situation.

As I was dragged across the room, screaming and kicking, I noticed some of the girls watching me.

"Help me. Please" I started to sob.

Not one of them even nudged.

I was brought to what appeared to be a large dormitory. Over twenty mattresses laid on the floor, dirty and old. I guessed this was where the girls slept.

I yelped as I was thrown onto one of the beds. The man tossed a shirt and some pants onto the floor. He then left, slamming the door behind him.

I didn't have to try it to know that it was now locked.

I flipped over onto my stomach, and cried. I didn't know what awaited me tonight, but it could be nothing but terrible.

I remember that here, they sell Angels wings. For a disturbing amount of money.

And my wings were the last things that could bring me back home.

Chapter 6 by Libby



Even though I knew I should have been planning my way out, I just thought of Sam. His face was ingrained into my mind, a part of my brain, of me.

His kind smile. Rosy lips, green eyes as he found me.

His gentle hands. Tight lips, steady eyes as he mended me.

His expressionless face. Straight

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I cried until my sniveling r... seemed to shroud the room in its grips. Cried for my lost home, lost friends, lost Sam. And I waited for tonight.

But tonight came and passed. Days, minutes, seconds went by. New girls popped up, as the others disappeared. I still hadn't seen him.

After the first three days strange people began to visit me. They measured my wings, weighed them. Weighed my worth on a scale. They kept on asking me bizarre questions, giving me strange looks. And the worst part was I answered them. I didn't fight. Didn't run. I became a vessel inside a vessel. Just a shadow of myself that was willing to comply, so long as the strangers would be fast and leave me to sleep. The days blurred into one and my sense of time drifted away from me. Everything was the same, nothing happened and eventually nobody new came as the strangers faces became recognizable.

Until one day he decided to visit me, flanked by two men with distant faces. My wings suddenly became heavy, as I waited for his men to drag me out and take them. But he just waited, scanning me as he stood like a statue.

"You have a big day tomorrow, Illumna", he finally said, staring at me with those cold blue eyes. "My best maid will come for you early, you need to get some sleep."

He wanted me to sleep the night before my wings were chopped off? My calm dissipated, replaced my an intense anger. "DON'T TAKE THEM!" I shrieked, as I got up and started clawing at him, "YOU CAN'T HAVE MY WINGS!"

He just let out a dark chuckle and said, " I don't want your wings, I want you."

"W-what do you mean" I stuttered, all my rage gushing to the floor as I tried to comprehend what he meant.

"I want you as my wife, Illumna"

Chapter 7 by Annie Leigh (GONE...)



Those words were all I needed. I *had* to find a way out of there.

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His smile turned into a frown, and I wished those words would have never came out of my mouth.

"You will do as I command, Illumina! Understood?" he replied harshly.

Everything in me wanted to make a run for it, right then. But I had to wait until the moment was right. So I dried my tears and nodded.

"I'm glad we are on the same page now. Please accept your destiny as it is. Don't fight it".

Those words set off some sort of bell in my mind. I wasn't going to accept the destiny *he* had planned for me. I had to make my own.

I was escorted back to the familiar dormitory, and locked in with a couple other girls.

I examined the room; a window. I could break it, and fly out of here. But were my wings healed? I hadn't flown for so long...

I ran for a bedside table, grabbed it and flung it at the window. A million shards of glass flew in every direction. How stupid did he think us angels were?

I peered over the ledge, examining the ground which was about twenty feet bellow me.

"Illumina! Stop!".

I didn't need to turn around to know Beelzebub was the one speaking.

"Don't do this! It's- It's not the right solution!".

It *was* the right solution. And I knew it.

"Good bye, Beelzebub. And may our paths never cross again" I yelled, as I spread my wings. I could only hope they were ready for this.

Without waiting for an answer, I sprung forward, falling to either my death or freedom.

Chapter 8 by Trini Ashheart



For a while, my mind was blank.

It seemed like the only thing I had ever known was the feeling of falling, your midsection twinging and the wind blowing, causing your hair to blow awry.

And suddenly I was flying—I was *flying*, my wings that had seemed like a burden, useless, for so very long now feeling light and strong and *right*.

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They aimed something black and pointy at me. Even from this distance, I can tell that it's a...*gun*. Sam had quite a few.

My eyes widened. Even with my flight, I couldn't outrun a bullet.

A second of bated silence.

A flurry of wings erupted behind the men. Both went down. From my position, I could hear Beelzebub's angry voice yelling at someone.

Had the girls, the other angels in the room with me, the two girls who had seemed so stoic and obedient *saved my life*?

Chapter 9 by Hatty Cartwright



I heard Beelzebub shout, but it was cut off suddenly. I risked everything, turned and saw the two girls flying after me. Looking down, I saw the twisted, mangled body of Beelzebub. Of course. He wasn't immortal in this form. At least, not anymore. At last, the mortal Lucifer was dead.

The girls caught up, and hooked their arms around mine, pulling me away.

We flew like this for hours, and I was glad for their strength. My wings hadn't flown for so long and were weak. The moon came and went and came for many cycles, before at last we landed. "Thank you." It was the first thing we all said as we landed on a large mossy stone, surrounded by mist.

Upon further inspection, I realised the girls were identical. Both had large, strong black wings, and pale perfect skin. Their hair was long and black and silky, and each had a pair of bright green eyes. They were long and lithe, and gave the essence of strength.

The one on the right spoke first.

"I am Muninn, memory of Odin." Odin. The sworn enemy of Him. But I had always been curious as to why. Odin was a man of honour in the tales we told when He could not hear. What had he

done to anger Him?

"And I am Huginn, thought of Odin." Odin. The sworn enemy of Him. But I had always been curious as to why. Odin was a man of honour in the tales we told when He could not hear. What had he

I realised their voices were different. With Huginn's being gentle and calm, and Muninn's being strong and fierce. I realised their voices were different. With Huginn's being gentle and calm, and Muninn's being strong and fierce.

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"Thank you for rescuing us. That beast kidnapped us to use as spies, but we would not fly for him. So he took our souls and put them into two unfortunate girls as vessels. He did not expect us to be just as disobedient in a human form. We are sorry we did not intervene with his treatment of you. Our father ordered us to watch, and learn the ways of the beings your kind created."

"As a reminder not to meddle with worlds that are not our own." Muninn added, bitterly.

"It is I who must thank you. Beelzebub is one of the enemies of Him, and I am grateful you did not let me betray Him."

"Like he betrayed you?" Huginn asked.

"What on earth are you talking about?" I replied.

"Angels do not fall. They are exiled from the Above, and these bodies were there when it happened. We have the memories of Him beating you, and casting you from your home. He wishes for Angels to be destroyed." Muninn said.

Suddenly an image cast through my mind. Sam, viciously beating me again and again, until at last I fell through the floor of the Above. And watching the same faces in front of me glaring at her, and encouraging Sam to beat her. But what had Sam been doing in the Above?

That's when it hit me. Sam was Him. Or rather, He had possessed Sam, and used his face to exile me from the Above.

"What happened to the souls of these two girls?" I asked, voice shaking.

"They were destroyed, for their betrayal to you. They wished for you to be exiled, and took pride in their actions. They followed you to the Mortal World, only to be captured and tortured by Him and Beelzebub."

Chapter 10 by Αηηιε ღειγн (GONE...)



Later on that night, I lay around the small campfire starrng at the stars.

I didn't know what to do... what to believe... I hadn't fallen from Heaven. I had been banned. My whole life was a lie.

But how could I trust these girls? Were they truthful?

My eyelids suddenly felt very heavy, and began closing.

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I spread my wings, just like I had before, and fell into the dark abyss.

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The sun was rising when I finally reached the station. As I landed, my wings fell, tired from the long flight.

I walked toward the ticket booth, where a young boy sat chewing some gum.

"How can I help you today miss?" he asked rather joyfully.

"I'd like to head west... Is there a departure soon in that direction?"

The boy stared at a calendar on the wall, reading it. After a minute or so he nodded.

"There'll be one leaving in fifteen minutes heading west. Are you sure you know where you are going?"

I nodded back "that'll be fine".

After exchanging the ticket for a few dollars I had managed to take from the girls, I sat waiting on a bench for my train to come.

It seemed like an eternity before I could hear the train's engine roar a few dozen feet away.

I stood up, ready to get out of this place.

But a sudden tap on the shoulder made me turn around.

I couldn't believe my eyes.

It was Sam.

Chapter 11 by Michaela



I was terrified. I was frozen in place not knowing what to do and before I could say or do something his hands were around my waist and his lips on mine. I didn't stop him... I couldn't I loved him. He was the love of my life but I had to remember that he did betray me but maybe just maybe it wasn't him. I stepped away and turned towards the train station. I walked a few steps until he pulled on my arm gently and asked "what happened?"

"What do you mean what happened Sam?" I asked. "I fell in love with you but you betrayed me!" Sam looked so confused and hurt. "That wasn't me" Sam said. "It's like someone took over my body all I remember was taking care of you and then everything went blank. I saw what was

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from Him and also find out why I was banned from Heaven..... You can't be banned from Heaven can you?

Chapter 12 by MissMabb (Temporarily Inactive)



"I've meant to ask you, since the day I found you in the woods, what did you fall for?"

A moment of silence passed between us.. The sheets grew a few degrees colder. I gathered up some courage and spoke my answer.

"...Envy."

"I see..." Sam replied. "So then, do you think you'll be able to go back?"

My breath hitched. I remembered what the Odin sisters had told me.

"I mean... not that I don't want you here with me, because I do... I REALLY do... It's just I figured you would want to see your home again is all."

"No you're right, I do want to go back, but I want to stay with you also. I just... The truth is I don't know if I can go back or not, and right now my wings aren't strong enough to try." I turned over in the bed, noticing my discomfort Sam drew me in closer with his arms.

"Your welcome to stay with me as long as you need until your wings are fully healed. You can stay with me forever if you like."

For some reason, his statement didn't comfort me as much as I thought it would...

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